

# THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,  
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1813.

[NO. 3.]

## The Intelligent Traveller ;

OR,  
HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued.)

IT was in vain that I assured him I never could return his affection, and threatened, if he persevered in tormenting me, to tell his aunt; for my dislike, instead of repelling, seemed to augment his passion, and at length he became absolutely hateful to my sight. Instead of occasionally spending a week or fortnight at the castle, he made it his constant place of abode, so that in fact I had not any respite; for he would never suffer me to be one moment alone. My benefactress had been ill, and was ordered to ride out double, which she used to do every evening and morn; and during these excursions, I always made a point of locking myself up in my own apartment until I saw her return.

A letter, however, was delivered one morning at breakfast to this designing young man, which he perused with evident emotion, and then presented it to his aunt. Lady Charlotte, after reading it, exclaimed, "You cannot hesitate a moment! order the horses to be saddled, and fly to your friend's relief." "My heart," replied Edward, "would lead me to follow your ladyship's counsel, but my purse is drained to its very dregs." Lady Charlotte instantly arose from the table, and opening a writing desk, presented him with an hundred pound note; upon which, embracing her hand with the warmest expressions of gratitude, he hurried out of the room, for the purpose of making preparations for his journey to London, to perform the last duty which friendship requires.

Previous to Mr. Edward's residence in the castle, I was always in the habit of strolling round the grounds, and visiting the poor in the neighbourhood, who were sustained in great measure by the benevolence of his aunt; but as he always pursued my footsteps, I had for several weeks discontinued my usual walks. Finding myself once more at liberty to gratify my inclination, as soon as Lady Charlotte set out on horseback, I followed her on foot, for the purpose of visiting her humble pensioners, and enquiring into their various wants. A gracious smile greeted me upon entering each humble dwelling: my heart felt emotions of unexpressible delight, and I sat listening to the tales of each grateful cottager, without being sensible of the approach of night. A woodman, whose wife had lived many years with a benefactress, intreated permission to attend me home; and we had just reached the gate of the shrubbery, when I found my arms rudely seized, whilst the being, on whose support I was depending, was forcibly dragged from me, and bound to a tree. This act of cruelty was performed without a word being uttered by the perpetrators of it, whose countenances were concealed by a piece of black crape; and so completely was I overwhelmed with terror,

that both voice and action totally failed; and, though at the first moment of the grasp, I uttered a shriek that was penetrating, I had not the power of making the slightest resistance, and was carried into a chaise.

Two of the men jumped in after me, whilst the third mounted a horse which a servant led, and we set off with a greater degree of swiftness than I could have imagined it possible for any carriage to have moved. Stupified as my faculties had been by this unexpected act of violence, I regained sufficient composure to ask what it meant, but dumbness seemed to have seized my companions, and not a single word escaped their lips. To have made any resistance would have been madness; yet we travelled with such rapidity that I knew the horses must soon be changed; then I resolved to exert my voice, and implore assistance from the people of the inn where we stopped.

Vain however proved the hopes which I had cherished—fresh horses met us upon an extensive plain, and though the moon had arose in cloudless majesty, not a creature but the postilions was to be seen. As my body was entirely free from coercion, I threw down the front glass, and in the most imploring accents besought the drivers to rescue me from the power of these men, and, at the same time, promised their humanity any reward they should name.

One of my companions instantly called to the servant, and desired to know where the straight waistcoat was, "for her mad fit (said he) is coming on again, and it will save us the trouble of holding her hands." The straight waistcoat was instantly produced, which convinced the postilions that the story which had been fabricated was true; and I might have said with the apostle Paul—"I am not mad" to eternity, before the assertion would have been believed. I beheld this badge of insane calamity with sensations of horror which no language can paint; and dropping on my knees before my persecutors, intreated that my person might not be restrained; when a voice, which I instantly recognized to be that of Edward, assured me that no violence should be used; and withdrawing the crape at the same moment, he impressed the most ardent kiss upon my hand, declaring that my coldness alone could have induced him to adopt a measure which his heart condemned.

That I was not in the power of robbers I had felt a conviction: but I had not the most distant idea that my benefactress's nephew was one of the parties concerned, so completely was his person altered by the dress he had assumed. That he had instigated the measure, I thought at the moment I found myself forced into the chase, yet I could not believe he would have had the audacity to appear in the character of a depredator upon his aunt's domain. I once more threw myself upon my knees before him, and with the pathos of persuasion intreated him to restore me to my friend, and, at the same time, called Heaven to witness my resolution of never betraying his conduct to his aunt.

"Can you, my beloved Eliza, (said he) sup-

pose it possible that I will resign that felicity which I have taken so much pains to enjoy? No, my sweet girl; every desire but *this* I will gratify, and in doing so feel both *pleasure* and *delight*; the priest, in less than an hour, will join our destiny, and I will then present you to Lady Charlotte, as my *adored*, my *beloved* wife.

"Never! never will I be persuaded to bestow my hand upon a man whom my heart rejects; and if a dagger was held to my bosom, rather than become your wife, I would force it into my breast!"

"Then what say you to becoming my *mistress*? most adorable of *women*!" he exclaimed, catching me rudely in his arms, and embracing me with a violence that roused every indignant feeling of my heart. "Pardon this excess of love, beautiful Eliza;" said he, dropping upon his knees. "I will be all you wish—the most submissive of mortals—if you will consent to become my wife; but I now swear by all that is sacred; that I am resolved to gratify the passion you have inspired."—Then pulling out his watch, which the brightness of the moon allowed him to examine,—*"We shall arrive at the place of destiny,"* said he, "in less than half an hour. Short as is the time, to me it will appear ages, for the priest is waiting, and an especial licence is prepared. Come, my slow love, the ceremony waits! be comforted—bless me, oh, bless me! with *one gracious smile*."

"I ought to apologize for thus particularizing circumstances, sir, (said the fair narrator) but they are so deeply impressed upon my mind, that in gratifying your wish of hearing my simple history, I could not avoid dwelling upon unconnected parts, or rather upon those which prove the deception of the villain who has destroyed my happiness, and blasted my fame." Agitation, for a few moments, stopped the power of utterance; but, recovering herself, she pursued her melancholy tale.

"To smile upon the wretch who was in the act of rendering my life miserable, was impossible: I burst into a copious flood of tears, which were checked, or rather suspended, by the carriage driving into a large court-yard.—That we had been *expected*, was evident, from the lights in the different apartments; a servant in livery opened the chaise door, and an elderly lady received us in an old-fashioned hall. "My pretty love," said she, "you look quite exhausted. Lord bless your little innocent heart; why, I warrant you have been all of a flutter; but a lover, to gain his mistress, would fly over the Alps;—a faint heart, you know, never won a fair lady, and the captain was forced to play his cards nicely with his aunt." A look from the captain silenced our loquacious hostess; he eagerly enquired whether the clergyman was arrived, and whether every thing had been prepared for the ceremony, which was to constitute *him*, my *protector* for life.

Having been answered in the affirmative, he desired refreshments might immediately be brought, and that the man, who presumed to



appear under the sacred character of a clergyman, might be introduced. The wretch appeared, clad in a surplice.—“Sir,” said I, throwing myself at his feet; “I implore you to rescue me from a thralldom which will be the means of embittering every moment of my life:—Never will I consent to be united to that gentleman, and, at *your peril*, repeat over us the *matrimonial form*.”

“A choice is given you, my dear young lady,” replied the hypocrite, “you have, I understand, encouraged this gentleman’s love; yet by one of those caprices to which your sex is liable, you now express an aversion to the object towards whom you once felt the warmest regard. Still he feels the ardency of a tender passion, and by a stratagem, (perhaps unwarrantable) has you now under his command, therefore you have only a few minutes to determine whether you will consent to gratify his passion, or become his *lawful wife*.”

“In one hour I will decide, if I am left to my own reflection;” replied I, in a frantic tone of voice. “*One hour!*” exclaimed Edward, “No, not for a *kingdom*, would I consent to wait the elapse of such a period of time! Eliza,” continued he, “I have too long been trifled with; Will you or will you *not*, consent to become my wife? this house is *mine*, every creature in it is at my disposal, and all resistance would be vain; yet to prove the delicacy of my attachment, I am prepared with a *license* and a priest—say but the word, and we shall be indissolubly united—*reject me*, and prepare for the worst—for, by the Power that made me, I will not sleep until I have gratified my desires.”

My fair historian was here interrupted, by the coachman abruptly opening the door, and exclaiming—“Is your honour ready? for the company will not wait; and I must, as it is, drive as if the devil was behind me, for at the next stage the coaches change.”

“You may drive to the devil if you like it, my good fellow,” said I, smiling; “for I shall not get into your coach; I am too much interested in this lady’s story to leave her until it is brought to a close.” “But your honour will lose your fare:” rejoined the coachman, flattering himself, perhaps, that I might meet a second object to interest my feelings upon the road. “D—the fare!” I exclaimed, “I will run the hazard of any other conveyance; for at present I am forcibly attracted to this spot, so bring my portmanteau out of your vehicle, and take this to drink this lady’s health.”

So saying, I presented him with a shilling; Eliza caught me by the arm, and intreated she might not delay my journey, least it might be attended with inconvenience to myself. I assured her, however, that the inconvenience would be trifling, as I was a citizen of the world, and had neither mother, wife, or mistress to call my actions to account. The coachman instantly obeyed my orders, the portmanteau was delivered into the waiter’s care, and raising my hand to my uninteresting fellow travellers, I intreated Eliza to proceed with her tale; but she arose from her seat, declaring she could not bear the idea of my incurring an additional expence. “I am not quite so poor as you imagine,” said I, shaking a purse tolerably well filled, “and would lose twenty fares for the gratification of serving a fellow creature in distress.”

(To be continued.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### SEDUCTION.

Of vices all the world can shew,  
That tears of anguish ever drew,  
Or man’s deceitful heart e’er knew;  
This bears the sway:  
Many, I fear, can say too true,  
Is this essay.

THE *thief*, compared with the seducer, is an hero: he hazards his life, or liberty, for what, perhaps in the first instance, his wants have instigated him to take from us; and is certain, should he be detected, of universal execration; but the seducer, who robs the inexperienced female of virtue; who heaps disgrace and infamy upon her; and after he has initiated her into a labyrinth of vice, which it is morally impossible for her to retrace, he leaves her to her fate—to a life of profligacy and a death of despair. This most generally is the consequence: to reward which, is the seducer *shunned, execrated*? Alas! no, except by his deluded, despairing victim; or, may be, by some fond parent, whose heart rested with delight on his amiable and lovely daughter; who had watched her growing charms with exultation, and who had endeavoured with all a parent’s anxiety to improve and adorn her with every female excellence; for whose welfare his thoughts were continually exerting themselves in plans for her future happiness, and whose sweet and gentle attentions, he hoped, would soothe his declining years, and close his eyes in peace. He, disgraced, and filled with bitter anguish, curses the wretch, who thus, “has brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

Not so with the seducer; he, too often finds himself as well received by the world as ever; and, among his vile associates, exults and boasts, unblushing, of his crime.

But woman, modest, feeling woman, should you permit wretches like these to associate with you—however pleasing their exterior manners may appear, whose hearts are thus corrupt?—will you pardon or countenance the villains of their perfidy, and condescend to notice them?—Forbid it, female delicacy. It should be a fixed and immoveable principle, through all the sex, that the man who had been convicted of leading (or endeavoring to lead) unguarded innocence astray, should ever be treated with repulsing frowns, and the most marked and open displeasure.

For should, at length, some lovely maid, more attracting than her companions, fix the poor remnant of his wandering affections; should he seek and obtain her for his wife—still, with a man of such principles, what woman of purity and elevated mind could ever hope for happiness?—All acknowledge the force of habit; can he, then, whose habits have all originated in vice, at once cease to be vicious?—nothing but the renovating power of the religion of Christ can effect this;—(and seldom, oh! how seldom, do they even make a pretension to it.) One thing more I would venture to notice; if in vice like this there can be a grade, it is between a *married* and an *unmarried* libertine (and wide and fatal must be the effect between them) as the latter may repent—and *can* make what is called reparation, by *marrying* the unfortunate girl:—But the married man knows he *cannot* do thus. He violates one of the most solemn oaths, and outrages the feelings of his poor unfortunate wife—she whose happiness and comfort, de-

pend upon his kindness and affection—and he squanders the property of her and his children in reducing innocence to a state of wretchedness and woe.

It may be asked, is it possible that a father a husband, could be thus abandoned and profligate?—From my heart, I *wish* I could answer, I hope not; but in a melancholy instance of the *existence* of such a villain, originated this rude essay.

Was it consistent with propriety, I should rejoice to publish the *name* of this wretch, that he might receive the just reward of his crime, in being shunned and detested by all the virtuous in society. But to his own conscience and his God I leave him: should these reflections ever meet his eye, may they lead him to “consider his way and be wise,” to repent his past crimes, and amend his *future* conduct;—so he may hope “to die the death of the righteous, and his last end to be like his.”

M. A. W.

### ON MADNESS.

MARIA contemplated the most terrific of ruins—that of a human soul. What is the view of the fallen column, the mouldering arch of the most exquisite workmanship when compared with this living memento of the fragility, the instability of reason, and the wild luxuriance of noxious passions? Enthusiasm turned adrift like some rich stream, overflowing its banks, rushes forward with destructive velocity, inspiring a sublime concentration of thought. Thus thought Maria—these are the ravages over which humanity must ever mournfully ponder with a degree of anguish not excited by crumbling marble or cankering brass, unfaithful to the trust of monumental fame. It is not over the decaying productions of the mind embodied with the happiest art we grieve most bitterly. The view of what has been done by man produces a melancholy yet aggrandizing scene of what remains to be achieved by human intellect; but a mental convulsion, which like the devastation of an earthquake, throws all the elements of thought and imagination into confusion, makes contemplation giddy, and we fearfully ask on what ground *we* ourselves stand. Thinking it selfish to dwell on her own sufferings when in the midst of wretches who had not only lost all that endears life, but *their very selves*, Maria’s imagination was occupied with melancholy earnestness to trace the mazes of misery through which so many wretches must have passed to this receptacle of disjointed souls, the grand source of human corruption. Often at midnight was she waked by the dismal shrieks of demoniac rage, or of excruciating despair, uttered in such wild tones of indescribable anguish, as proved the total absence of reason, and roused phantoms of horror in her mind far more terrific than all that dreaming superstition ever drew. Besides, there was frequently something so inconceivably picturesque in the varying gestures of unrestrained passion, so irresistibly comic in their sallies, or so heart-piercingly pathetic in the little airs they would sing, frequently bursting out after an awful silence, as to fascinate the attention and to amuse the fancy whilst torturing the soul. It was the uproar of the passions which she was compelled to observe; and to mark the lucid beam of reason like a light trembling in a socket, or like the flash which divides the threatening clouds of angry heaven only to display the horrors which darkness shrouded.



DE THOU,

THE celebrated historian, had a very singular adventure at Saumur, in the year 1598. One night, having retired to rest very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep he felt a very strong weight upon his feet, which having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream, but hearing soon after some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw by the help of the moon, which at that time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair some rags, which he thought belonged to thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, he had the courage to ask what it was. "I am," said it, "the queen of heaven." Had such a figure appeared to any credulous ignorant man in the dead of the night and made such a speech, would he not have trembled with fear, and have frightened the whole neighbourhood with a marvellous description of it? But De Thou had too much understanding to be so imposed upon. Upon hearing the words which dropped from the figure, he immediately concluded that it was some mad woman; got up, called his servants, and ordered them to turn her out of doors; after which he returned to bed and fell asleep. Next morning he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut his door, this female figure had escaped from her keepers and entered his apartment. The brave Schomberg, to whom De Thou related his adventure some days after, confessed that in such a case he would not have shewn so much courage. The king also, who was informed of it by Schomberg, made the same acknowledgment.

## SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY is the most exquisite feeling of which the human soul is susceptible: when it pervades us, we feel happy; and could it last unmixed, we might form some conjecture of the bliss of those paradisaical days, when the obedient passions were under the dominion of reason, and the impulses of the heart did not need correction.

It is this quickness, this delicacy of feeling, which enables us to relish the sublime touches of the poet, and the painter; it is this, which expands the soul, gives an enthusiastic greatness, mixed with tenderness, when we view the magnificent objects of nature; or hear of a good action. The same effect we experience in the spring, when we hail the returning sun, and the consequent renovation of nature; when the flowers unfold themselves, and exhale their sweets, and the voice of music is heard in the land. Softened by tenderness, the soul is disposed to be virtuous. Is any sensual gratification to be compared to that of feeling the eyes moistened after having comforted the unfortunate?

Sensibility is indeed the foundation of all our happiness; but these raptures are unknown to the depraved sensualist, who is only moved by what strikes his gross senses; the delicate embellishments of nature escape his notice; as do the gentle and interesting affections.—But it is only to be felt; it escapes discussion.

## SHAVING.

UNDER the kings of the first dynasty the women shaved in France. On the wedding-day the wife was obliged to shave her husband, which was always stipulated in the marriage contract.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1813.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The latest advices from Europe this week, are brought by the ship Brutus, Goodrich, in 36 days from Liverpool, arrived at Newport by which papers were received there down to the 7th of April:—from which the following extracts are made:

Petitions for a General Peace had been presented to Parliament from several of the manufacturing towns, they were laid on the table, waiting the motion on that subject promised by Mr. Whitebread.

Great disturbances were stated to have broken out in Holland, and even in France the ladies of the French court had been insulted at the Thuilleries.

The peasantry in the interior of several of the provinces of Holland had risen, attacked and defeated the French military—the wounded French soldiers were brought into the towns where the garrisons being scarcely sufficient to overawe the inhabitants, were not able to send any detachments into the country to quell these insurrections.

The conscripts had deserted in great numbers and taken refuge in the woods of Flanders, where they defended themselves.

The disaffection on board the Dutch fleets in the Texel, at Flushing and Antwerp, was so great that it had been determined to attempt removing them to French ports.—To prevent this the British blockading squadrons were about to be reinforced.

The King of Prussia had collected a force of 30,000 men—which was to be augmented to 200,000. The forces of Russia in Germany were stated at 350,000. The Emperor at the head of 150,000, in two columns, was hastening towards Magdeburg and the Elbe.

The 5th of April Capt. Hanchett was to sail from Plymouth for America, on Friday, with the following squadron under his command, viz.—Diadem 64 guns; Diomedé 50; Success 36; Romulus 36; Fox 32; Nemesis 28; armed ship 24, with 10,000 rockets on board. Two thousand troops were embarked.

The passengers in the Brutus state, that the war with this country was popular in England as to principle, but the people were nevertheless ardently desirous of peace with America.

An arrival at New Bedford from France brings news from Paris to the 9th April: by which it is stated, "That nothing is said in France of making new conquests; but only of defending the Empire—that all the north of Europe is rising in opposition to France; that the situation of the French people is truly deplorable; and that they are open in their complaints against Napoleon."

"The Russian Manifesto announcing the uniting the armies of that country with those of Russia, says 'for a long time France had violated, in all points, the treaty that united it with Prussia. Prussia was, therefore liberated from its engagements. Not content with having dictated the treaty at Tilsit, as cruel as humiliating, France would not permit to be enjoyed the feeble advantages it promised. Prussia has been treated as a conquered country; the French troops have been continued; exorbitant and arbitrary contributions have been imposed; commerce has been ruined by the continental system being forced on her;—French garrisons have been kept in the fortresses of the Oder, and the country obliged to provide for them; and the property of widows and orphans confiscated.'"

Accounts from Albany, say, "By a gentleman from Sacket's Harbour, who left that place the 13th inst. we learn that the fleet and armament sent against Little York, had returned to that port on Wednesday. That previous to the evacuation of York, our troops had demolished all the public works at that place—and that all the cannon, military stores, and other public property captured, were either destroyed or brought away."

From Washington under date of May 18, it is said, that "an Express has just arrived from Norfolk bringing to the government information of a considerable increase of the fleet in Lynnhaven Bay—some say 25, others 27—but from the best information it consists of thirty-five. Gen Hampton is gone off to Norfolk with all speed—this place is in much agitation."

The latest accounts from Fort Meigs (Rapids of the Miami) state that a reinforcement of General Clay's Kentucky troops which lay some distance behind, fearful to march on to the fort, had made an essay to relieve it, and that 800 men had got safe in—having lost only 7 men in the attempt.

Other accounts say that the siege of this fortress has been raised by the defeat of the enemy,—and others, say that the enemy have retired from before it.—Indeed so various and contradictory are detailed the events of the war generally, that little or no reliance, seemingly can be placed on any thing not official.—However, by the mail of yesterday, accounts are received and believed to be true that General Clay with 750 of his men have all been taken by the British and Indians in sight of Fort Meigs, while endeavoring to relieve the garrison. See the following, under date of Zanesville, (Ohio) May 12. By Mr. Wm. Cummings, who arrived here this morning direct from Chillicothe, we are informed, that just before he left that place, an express arrived from Gen. Harrison, with whom he conversed, and from whom he received the following particulars, which were immediately published in handbills at Chillicothe: that Gen. Clay, with his troops, arrived within about 3 miles of Fort Meigs, at Wayne's old camping ground; that he was ordered to cross the Maumee with 800 men, in order to spike or take the cannon of the enemy, which were placed opposite to Fort Meigs, while colonel Miller should attack the enemy's batteries on this side the river; that col. Miller succeeded in his attack, took the British cannon and about 30 prisoners; that the Kentuckians, after a desperate fight, routed the enemy on the other side of the river, and having spiked their cannon, were ordered into Fort Meigs—but conceiving victory complete, they indulged in rejoicing, &c. until they were attacked by the British and Indians, and all cut off but about 150.

## Nuptial.

## MARRIED,

By the Rev. Dr. Milledolar, Mr. Edmund J. Rogers to Miss Rebecca Platt, daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Platt, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Willison, Abraham M. Griffin, Esq. to Miss Sabina Allen, daughter of Stephen Allen, Esq. all of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Valentine Van De Water, to Miss Hannah Leonard, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Harris, Mr. Wm. Turner, merchant, to Miss Ann Hains, daughter of Thomas Hains, Esq. all of this city.

By the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart, Jonathan Little, Esq. merchant, to Mrs. Elizabeth Ann McKercher, both of this city.

By the Rev. John M'Niece, capt. Thomas C. Pyke, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Garland, both of this city.

At Newtown, L. I. by the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Daniel Hawkhurst, of the house of Dodgson & Hawkhurst, of this city, to Miss Eliza Woodward, of the former place.

On the 10th inst. Gen. Pierre Van Courtlandt, of Westchester, to Miss Ann Stevenson, daughter of the late John Stevenson, Esq. of this city.

At Flushing, L. I. Samuel Underhill, merchant, of this city, to Eliza Bowne, of Flushing, daughter of the late Samuel Bowne of this city.

## Obituary.

## DIED,

Mrs. Mary Sophia Cassner, in the 63d year of her age.

Mrs. Margaret Grant, aged 64 years.

Mrs. Sarah Coit, aged 72

On Thursday, Mr. Donald M'Leod, grocer.

At Brooklyn, Sarah Carpenter, relict of Mr. John Carpenter.

Suddenly, Mr. Thomas Cahoon, a native of Newport.

At Schenectady, after a severe illness of 3 days, Col. Wm. J. Vredenburg, formerly of this city, in the 34th year of his age.

Report of deaths, in this city, for two weeks, ending the 15th instant—93 persons.



appear under the sacred character of a clergyman, might be introduced. The wretch appeared, clad in a surplice.—“Sir,” said I, throwing myself at his feet; “I implore you to rescue me from a thralldom which will be the means of embittering every moment of my life:—Never will I consent to be united to that gentleman, and, at *your peril*, repeat over us the *matrimonial form*.”

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#### SEDUCTION.

Of vices all the world can shew,  
That tears of anguish ever drew,  
Or man’s deceitful heart e’er knew;  
This bears the sway:  
Many, I fear, can say too true,  
Is this essay.

THE thief, compared with the seducer, is an hero: he hazards his life, or liberty, for what, perhaps in the first instance, his wants have instigated him to take from us; and is certain, should he be detected, of universal execration; but the seducer, who robs the inexperienced female of virtue; who heaps disgrace and infamy upon her; and after he has initiated her into a labyrinth of vice, which it is morally impossible for her to retrace, he leaves her to her fate—to a life of profligacy and a death of despair. This most generally is the consequence: to reward which, is the seducer *shunned, execrated*? Alas! no, except by his deluded, despairing victim; or, may be, by some fond parent, whose heart rested with delight on his amiable and lovely daughter; who had watched her growing charms with exultation, and who had endeavoured with all a parent’s anxiety to improve and adorn her with every female excellence; for whose welfare his thoughts were continually exerting themselves in plans for her future happiness, and whose sweet and gentle attentions, he hoped, would soothe his declining years, and close his eyes in peace. He, disgraced, and filled with bitter anguish, curses the wretch, who thus, “has brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

Not so with the seducer; he, too often finds himself as well received by the world as ever; and, among his vile associates, exults and boasts, unblushing, of his crime.

But woman, modest, feeling woman, should you permit wretches like these to associate with you—however pleasing their exterior manners may appear, whose hearts are thus corrupt?—will you pardon or countenance the villains of their perfidy, and condescend to notice them?—Forbid it, female delicacy. It should be a fixed and immovable principle, through all the sex, that the man who had been convicted of leading (or endeavoring to lead) unguarded innocence astray, should ever be treated with repulsing frowns, and the most marked and open displeasure.

For should, at length, some lovely maid, more attracting than her companions, fix the poor remnant of his wandering affections; should he seek and obtain her for his wife—still, with a man of such principles, what woman of purity and elevated mind could ever hope for happiness?—All acknowledge the force of habit; can he, then, whose habits have all originated in vice, at once cease to be vicious?—nothing but the renovating power of the religion of Christ can effect this;—(and seldom, oh! how seldom, do they even make a pretension to it.) One thing more I would venture to notice; if in vice like this there can be a grade, it is between a *married* and an *unmarried* libertine (and wide and fatal must be the effect between them) as the latter may repent—and can make what is called reparation, by *marrying* the unfortunate girl:—But the married man knows he *cannot* do thus. He violates one of the most solemn oaths, and outrages the feelings of his poor unfortunate wife—she whose happiness and comfort, de-

pend upon his kindness and affection—and he squanders the property of her and his children in reducing innocence to a state of wretchedness and woe.

It may be asked, is it possible that a father a husband, could be thus abandoned and profligate?—From my heart, I *wish* I could answer, I hope not; but in a melancholy instance of the existence of such a villain, originated this rude essay.

Was it consistent with propriety, I should rejoice to publish the *name* of this wretch that he might receive the just reward of his crime, in being shunned and detested by all the virtuous in society. But to his own conscience and his God I leave him: should these reflections ever meet his eye, may they lead him to “consider his way and be wise,” to repent his past crimes, and amend his *future* conduct, so he may hope “to die the death of the righteous, and his last end to be like his.”

M. A. W.

#### ON MADNESS.

MARIA contemplated the most terrific of ruins—that of a human soul. What is the view of the fallen column, the mouldering arch of the most exquisite workmanship when compared with this living memento of the fragility, the instability of reason, and the wild luxuriance of noxious passions? Enthusiasm turned adrift like some rich stream, overflowing its banks, rushes forward with destructive velocity, inspiring a sublime concentration of thought. Thus thought Maria—these are the ravages over which humanity must ever mournfully ponder with a degree of anguish not excited by crumbling marble or cankering brass, unfaithful to the trust of monumental fame. It is not over the decaying productions of the mind embodied with the happiest art we grieve most bitterly. The view of what has been done by man produces a melancholy yet aggrandizing scene of what remains to be achieved by human intellect; but a mental convulsion, which like the devastation of an earthquake, throws all the elements of thought and imagination into confusion, makes contemplation giddy, and we fearfully ask on what ground *we* ourselves stand. Thinking it selfish to dwell on her own sufferings when in the midst of wretches who had not only lost all that endears life, but *their very selves*, Maria’s imagination was occupied with melancholy earnestness to trace the mazes of misery through which so many wretches must have passed to this receptacle of disjointed souls, the grand source of human corruption. Often at midnight was she waked by the dismal shrieks of demoniac rage, or of excruciating despair, uttered in such wild tones of indescribable anguish, as proved the total absence of reason, and roused phantoms of horror in her mind far more terrific than all that dreaming superstition ever drew. Besides, there was frequently something so inconceivably picturesque in the varying gestures of unrestrained passion, so irresistibly comic in their sallies, or so heart-piercingly pathetic in the little airs they would sing, frequently bursting out after an awful silence, as to fascinate the attention and to amuse the fancy whilst torturing the soul. It was the uproar of the passions which she was compelled to observe; and to mark the lucid beam of reason like a light trembling in a socket, or like the flash which divides the threatening clouds of angry heaven only to display the horrors which darkness shrouded.



DE THOU,

THE celebrated historian, had a very singular adventure at Saumur, in the year 1598. One night, having retired to rest very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep he felt a very strong weight upon his feet, which having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream, but hearing soon after some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw by the help of the moon, which at that time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair some rags, which he thought belonged to thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, he had the courage to ask what it was. "I am," said it, "the queen of heaven." Had such a figure appeared to any credulous ignorant man in the dead of the night and made such a speech, would he not have trembled with fear, and have frightened the whole neighbourhood with a marvellous description of it? But De Thou had too much understanding to be so imposed upon. Upon hearing the words which dropped from the figure, he immediately concluded that it was some mad woman; got up, called his servants, and ordered them to turn her out of doors; after which he returned to bed and fell asleep. Next morning he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut his door, this female figure had escaped from her keepers and entered his apartment. The brave Schomberg, to whom De Thou related his adventure some days after, confessed that in such a case he would not have shewn so much courage. The king also, who was informed of it by Schomberg, made the same acknowledgment.

## SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY is the most exquisite feeling of which the human soul is susceptible: when it pervades us, we feel happy; and could it last unmixed, we might form some conjecture of the bliss of those paradisaical days, when the obedient passions were under the dominion of reason, and the impulses of the heart did not need correction.

It is this quickness, this delicacy of feeling, which enables us to relish the sublime touches of the poet, and the painter; it is this, which expands the soul, gives an enthusiastic greatness, mixed with tenderness, when we view the magnificent objects of nature; or hear of a good action. The same effect we experience in the spring, when we hail the returning sun, and the consequent renovation of nature; when the flowers unfold themselves, and exhale their sweets, and the voice of music is heard in the land. Softened by tenderness, the soul is disposed to be virtuous. Is any sensual gratification to be compared to that of feeling the eyes moistened after having comforted the unfortunate?

Sensibility is indeed the foundation of all our happiness; but these raptures are unknown to the depraved sensualist, who is only moved by what strikes his gross senses; the delicate embellishments of nature escape his notice; as do the gentle and interesting affections.—But it is only to be felt; it escapes discussion.

## SHAVING.

UNDER the kings of the first dynasty the women shaved in France. On the wedding-day the wife was obliged to shave her husband, which was always stipulated in the marriage contract.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1813.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The latest advices from Europe this week, are brought by the ship Brutus, Goodrich, in 36 days from Liverpool, arrived at Newport by which papers were received there down to the 7th of April:—from which the following extracts are made:

Petitions for a General Peace had been presented to Parliament from several of the manufacturing towns, they were laid on the table, waiting the motion on that subject promised by Mr. Whitebread.

Great disturbances were stated to have broken out in Holland, and even in France the ladies of the French court had been insulted at the Thuilleries.

The peasantry in the interior of several of the provinces of Holland had risen, attacked and defeated the French military—the wounded French soldiers were brought into the towns where the garrisons being scarcely sufficient to overawe the inhabitants, were not able to send any detachments into the country to quell these insurrections.

The conscripts had deserted in great numbers and taken refuge in the woods of Flanders, where they defended themselves.

The disaffection on board the Dutch fleets in the Texel, at Flushing and Antwerp, was so great that it had been determined to attempt removing them to French ports—To prevent this the British blockading squadrons were about to be reinforced.

The King of Prussia had collected a force of 30,000 men—which was to be augmented to 200,000. The forces of Russia in Germany were stated at 350,000. The Emperor at the head of 150,000, in two columns, was hastening towards Magdeburg and the Elbe.

The 5th of April Capt. Hanchett was to sail from Plymouth for America, on Friday, with the following squadron under his command, viz.—Diadem 64 guns; Diomed 50; Success 36; Romulus 35; Fox 32; Nemesis 28; armed ship 24, with 10,000 rockets on board. Two thousand troops were embarked.

The passengers in the Brutus state, that the war with this country was popular in England as to principle, but the people were nevertheless ardently desirous of peace with America.

An arrival at New Bedford from France brings news from Paris to the 9th April: by which it is stated, "That nothing is said in France of making new conquests; but only of defending the Empire—that all the north of Europe is rising in opposition to France; that the situation of the French people is truly deplorable; and that they are open in their complaints against Napoleon."

"The Russian Manifesto announcing the uniting the armies of that country with those of Russia, says 'for a long time France had violated, in all points, the treaty that united it with Prussia. Prussia was, therefore liberated from its engagements. Not content with having dictated the treaty at Tilsit, as cruel as humiliating, France would not permit to be enjoyed the feeble advantages it promised. Prussia has been treated as a conquered country; the French troops have been continued; exorbitant and arbitrary contributions have been imposed; commerce has been ruined by the continental system being forced on her;—French garrisons have been kept in the fortresses of the Oder, and the country obliged to provide for them; and the property of widows and orphans confiscated.'"

Accounts from Albany, say, "By a gentleman from Sacket's Harbour, who left that place the 13th inst. we learn that the fleet and armament sent against Little York, had returned to that port on Wednesday. That previous to the evacuation of York, our troops had demolished all the public works at that place—and that all the cannon, military stores, and other public property captured, were either destroyed or brought away."

From Washington under date of May 18, it is said, that "an Express has just arrived from Norfolk bringing to the government information of a considerable increase of the fleet in Lynnhaven Bay—some say 25, others 27—but from the best information it consists of thirty-five. Gen Hampton is gone off to Norfolk with all speed—this place is in much agitation."

The latest accounts from Fort Meigs (Rapids of the Miami) state that a reinforcement of General Clay's Kentucky troops which lay some distance behind, fearful to march on to the fort, had made an essay to relieve it, and that 800 men had got safe in—having lost only 7 men in the attempt.

Other accounts say that the siege of this fortress has been raised by the defeat of the enemy,—and others, say that the enemy have retired from before it—Indeed so various and contradictory are detailed the events of the war generally, that little or no reliance, seemingly can be placed on any thing not official.—However, by the mail of yesterday, accounts are received and believed to be true that General Clay with 750 of his men have all been taken by the British and Indians in sight of Fort Meigs, while endeavoring to relieve the garrison. See the following, under date of Zanesville, (Ohio) May 12. By Mr. Wm. Cummings, who arrived here this morning direct from Chillicothe, we are informed, that just before he left that place, an express arrived from Gen. Harrison, with whom he conversed, and from whom he received the following particulars, which were immediately published in handbills at Chillicothe: that Gen. Clay, with his troops, arrived within about 5 miles of Fort Meigs, at Wayne's old camping ground; that he was ordered to cross the Maumee with 800 men, in order to spike or take the cannon of the enemy, which were placed opposite to Fort Meigs, while colonel Miller should attack the enemy's batteries on this side the river; that col. Miller succeeded in his attack, took the British cannon and about 30 prisoners; that the Kentuckians, after a desperate fight, routed the enemy on the other side of the river, and having spiked their cannon, were ordered into Fort Meigs—but conceiving victory complete, they indulged in rejoicing, &c. until they were attacked by the British and Indians, and all cut off but about 150.

## Nuptial.

## MARRIED,

By the Rev. Dr. Milledolar, Mr. Edmund J. Rogers to Miss Rebecca Platt, daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Platt, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Willison, Abraham M. Griffin, Esq. to Miss Sabina Allen, daughter of Stephen Allen, Esq. all of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Valentine Van De Water, to Miss Hannah Leonard, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Harris, Mr. Wm. Turner, merchant, to Miss Ann Hains, daughter of Thomas Hains, Esq. all of this city.

By the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart, Jonathan Little, Esq. merchant, to Mrs. Elizabeth Ann M'Kercher, both of this city.

By the Rev. John M'Niece, capt. Thomas C. Pyke, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Garland, both of this city.

At Newtown, L. I. by the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Daniel Hawkhurst, of the house of Dodgson & Hawkhurst, of this city, to Miss Eliza Woodward, of the former place.

On the 10th inst. Gen. Pierre Van Courtlandt, of Westchester, to Miss Ann Stevenson, daughter of the late John Stevenson, Esq. of this city.

At Flushing, L. I. Samuel Underhill, merchant, of this city, to Eliza Bowne, of Flushing, daughter of the late Samuel Bowne of this city.

## Obituary.

## DIED,

Mrs. Mary Sophia Cassner, in the 63d year of her age.

Mrs. Margaret Grant, aged 64 years.

Mrs. Sarah Colt, aged 72

On Thursday, Mr. Donald M'Leod, grocer.

At Brooklyn, Sarah Carpenter, relict of Mr. John Carpenter.

Suddenly, Mr. Thomas Cahoon, a native of New-  
port.

At Schenectady, after a severe illness of 3 days, Col. Wm. J. Vredenburg, formerly of this city, in the 34th year of his age.

Report of deaths, in this city, for two weeks, ending the 15th instant—93 persons.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES ADDRESSED TO C—.

Oh yes, there are bosoms which well know the glow,  
C—'s verses of feeling disclose ;  
Oh yes, there are cheeks where the mild blushes show,  
Whose eyes sensibility's tears overflow,  
Who can feel all his joys and his woes.

Like him fairy visions of fancy to form,  
Where bliss was unchequer'd by care ;  
Employ'd the blest moments of life's early morn,  
While Hope's sweet delusions assisted to form  
Dreams of bliss, full as transient as fair.

But experience and truth chill'd these feelings so  
sweet,

Taught them Love, partial Love could betray ;  
Convinc'd them where graces enchantingly meet,  
The insensible heart might with apathy beat,  
Where sentiment lights not a ray.

Oh ! the misery of soul which that bosom must know,  
Who has met in his partner of life,  
Instead of affection's reciprocal glow,  
The mind speaking glance kindred feelings would  
show,  
Finds cold and unfeeling his wife.

Who knows (but by name) what she never has felt,  
Love and Hope's fear and transports so gay ;  
How would C—'s ardent soul in despondency melt,  
If e'er on his youth's glowing visions he dwelt,  
Which round Ellen's fair image would play.

Methinks he'd regret that refinement of soul,  
So alive to unkindness and slight ;  
He would wish that stern apathy's reign would control,  
Or with a last rapture to drain Lethe's bowl,  
His passions to lose in her night.

M. A. W.

### THE VIOLET AND THE BRAMBLE.

THE sweetest of flow'rets, on Flora's lap blowing,  
A violet, gemm'd by the heaven's pure dew,  
On a green mossy bank one spring morning was grow-  
ing,  
How charming its odour ! how lovely its hue !

The butterfly, struck with the scent of the blossom,  
Perch'd near, and his fond admiration express'd ;  
And the bee, as he ravish'd the sweets of her bosom,  
In a low whisper'd murmur his passion confess'd.

On the bank, o'er the violet, a bramble was spreading  
His rude thorny arms, who to win her aspir'd ;  
But who scarcely would breathe what he felt, justly  
dreading,  
With flattery to mar the fair flow'r he admir'd.

With the butterfly's gay downy pinions delighted,  
And pleas'd by the softly humm'd tale of the bee ;  
The love of the poor lowly bramble she slighted,  
And treated him coolly—as Sarah does me.

With the mid-day sun's beams a rich rose was dis-  
cover'd ;  
To adore it the bee and the butterfly stray'd,  
And forgot, o'er its bright op'ning charms, as they  
hover'd,  
All the vows to the credulous violet they'd made.

E're long the spring sun by dark vapours was clouded,  
The rain crush'd the rose, and its pride was no more ;  
While the bramble's kind branches the violet shrouded,  
And refresh'd by the show'r, 'twas more sweet than  
before.

So charming the scent to the zephyrs it yielded,  
I fain to my Sarah the prize would have borne ;  
But too well by the still faithful bramble 'twas shielded,  
Which my fingers repell'd with its sharp pointed  
thorn.

The violet now join'd to the bramble confesses,  
True love in the plainest of forms may reside ;  
And, tho' fervent the passion the flatt'ring expresses,  
He should ne'er be believ'd, till his truth has been  
tried.

### PASTORAL.

BENEATH a cool shade was reclin'd,  
By the side of a soft-flowing stream,  
A swain, who his song, to the wind,  
Thus utter'd—Matilda his theme.

See, Nature its beauty displays ;  
How sweetly serene are the skies !  
But can I those charms ever praise,  
As the charms that inhabit thine eyes ?

Now Flora bedecks the gay fields—  
See, lilies and violets grow :  
But look on Matilda, she yields  
More beauties than Flora can show.

The bush where the rose lately dwelt,  
More delicate, withers and dies ;  
Its fragrance no longer is felt ;  
Its presence a thorn now supplies.

Matilda will never decline,  
Like flowers that bloom for a day ;  
Her virtue forever will shine,  
As the charms of her beauty decay.

E. G. S.

## Morality.

### THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

"THE benefit of our Studies," says Montaigne, an old French writer, "is that they make us better and wiser." Let us then be assiduous in our studies ; because the knowledge thus acquired becomes a treasure which yields the highest interest, and enables us to fulfil with the greatest ease the duties imposed on us by religion, by our country, and by the society in which we are destined to live. For this reason, our forefathers considered the time for study as the most important period of life, and incessantly exhorted us to make the most of this valuable time, which, once past, can never return ; and the good or bad employment of which very often influences the remainder of our lives. Hence, it may be asserted, that solid attainments were formerly much more common than at present. When serious studies are mingled with so many objects of amusement, that youth may now be said to pluck the flower of knowledge, without gathering the fruit ; fearful of meddling with any thing that appears repulsive, and neglecting whatever is most important in the sciences. The difficulties that beset study were formerly not kept concealed from our view ; we were exhorted to be of good courage, as soldiers going to battle are inspired with ardour. "My friends," the Instructor would say, "far from you be that creeping spirit, which is satisfied with an obscure mediocrity. Strive without ceasing to reach the most elevated summit of virtue and science. Nothing is so difficult, nothing is so sublime in human knowledge, but what man may attain by study. We derive our origin from heaven, then to heaven let all our views aspire. Let us aim at nothing less than the highest degree of perfection ; this is the noble goal which is pointed out to youth as the limit of its career ; to attain it, we must inure ourselves to labour, and despise frivolous pleasures. Shall we be

content to die, without acquiring some honor, without leaving some memorial of our existence, without having done something worthy of our condition as men ? Let us keep advancing, without losing sight for a moment of the object of our journey. Often perhaps we shall meet with obstacles in the rugged path ; sometimes fatigue may cause us to recede for a moment ; but this should only fill us with increased ardour to climb the steep ascent, and to reach the summit of the mountain, where repose awaits us. Be not then disheartened if at first you make but a slow progress. The merchant thinks himself fortunate, if after twenty years of toil, travel and danger, he at last secures a fortune : and shall we be so weak, so cowardly, as to be discouraged by the first check ? Our minds are capable of whatever they please, and perseverance in this line, as in every other, is almost always crowned with success. Suffer not yourselves to be dazzled by the charms of wealth, or to be diverted by them from study ; not that riches ought to be absolutely neglected, but certainly they are productive of much greater danger than advantage. What you ought infinitely to prefer to riches is glory. To seek praise, and to dread censure, is a good omen in a young man ; and as long as he has a regard for public opinion, he will not leave the good track for the paths of delusion. To sum up all in a few words ;—to aim at perfection ; to be fond of study ; never to give way to despair ; to be indifferent to riches, and eager of true glory alone : these are the distinguished qualities of a well-educated young man."

## Anecdotes.

OLD lord Ligonier took the charge of his nephew, when commanding the British forces abroad, and at the commencement of the first engagement he was greatly exasperated at the timidity which was evinced by his nephew, who excused himself, on the score of the novelty of the dreadful scene : as the slaughter increased, the young man's fear became less conspicuous, until a musket ball not only levelled to the earth a soldier who was at his side, but splashed his coat with the brains of the deceased. On witnessing this, a visible emotion was depicted on the features of the young soldier, which was noticed by the enraged uncle, who, with a bitter imprecation, vowed that his nephew was a poltroon, and only fit to be tied to his mother's apron string. "I beg your pardon, uncle," replied the nephew, archly, and looking at his bedaubed regimental coat, "I am not afraid, but am only astonished to find that a skull here should be possessed of any brains at all."

WHEN general O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XIV. soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his majesty observed, that Clare's regiment behaved well in that engagement. "Sire," said the general, "they behaved well, it is true ; many of them were wounded ; but my regiment behaved better, for we were all killed !"

### THE MUSEUM.

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